

Poor Baby by PlusSizeReader

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Summary:

Billy Hargrove x Plus size!reader

Word Count: 1522 words

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Summary: Billy's girlfriend gets really jealous, especially when it comes to Karen.

1. Chapter 1

You had always been jealous, so it shouldn't have surprised to him that you were slowly but surely developing an irrational hatred of Karen Wheeler.

However, that fact seemed to slip his mind completely, because you had only ever been jealous of girls your own age before.

Never had you shown a problem with cougars staring at him as he walked hand and hand with you down the street. Besides, what was the harm in having a little fun at the pool as long as he never screwed any of them?

It wasn't like he'd ever actually cheat on you. He knew better than that, he just liked the attention was all.

As if he would ever actually be interested in one of them.

To you though, it didn't matter how many times he assured you that what he had going on at the pool was nothing but harmless fun, it still made your blood boil.

You could have killed him as you watched from where you were under the pool umbrella. He was clearly enjoying whatever conversation he was having, he was very clearly leaning into her.

Not to mention the laughter that left her lips each time he spoke.

You had seen other girls flirt with Billy of course, but not for quite some time. Where you'd lived in California, they all knew better.

The last girl who'd asked for Billy's number at a party got her car windows busted out. The cops never really figured out who did it, but everyone who'd been at the party knew.

However, Hawkins was a new place entirely and no one had put these girls in their place yet.

You cleared your throat, doing your best to calm that anger welling up in the pit of your stomach before you spoke. "Billy!?" you called,

interrupting whatever it was he thought he was doing over there.

He turned to you as soon as he heard your voice but said nothing, only arching his brow as if to ask you what you needed.

“I need more lemonade” You called, shaking the glass which at this point was nothing more than an umbrella and some slowly melting ice.

Billy looked at you for a second, trying to figure out if you were serious or not. You very clearly could have gotten your own drink, but he didn’t want to push it. If you wanted him to get you a drink, he would get you one.

“Excuse me Karen” he hummed, winking at her before turning toward you. It didn’t take him long at all to get from one side of the pool to the other but the whole time, you had your eyes on him.

Your stare was intent and angry, but he had no idea why. He had only been making conversation.

“Problem, your highness?” he teased, taking the glass from you. Before you could answer though, he had already headed in the direction of the concession stand, which only served to make you angrier.

You rolled your eyes before standing to follow him.

He knew you would. In fact, the sound of your bare feet hitting the concrete aggressively only brought a smile to his face.

By this point, he’d managed to put the pieces together. He’d seen you jealous enough times to recognize the signs and you’d hit all of his boxes just now.

You drew his attention away from her, and made him do something for you. There was also that stare, burning into his skull as he spoke to her, he’d know that look anywhere. Not to mention the fact that you were now chasing him down...

He was going to get an ear full but he wasn’t upset about it. Billy liked playing this game with you.

Without missing a beat, he entered the staff door to the concession stand, even going to far to let the door shut before you could slip in behind him.

He happened to know that it was unlocked from the inside but even if it hadn't been, there was no doubt in his mind that you would have found another way in.

"Hargrove? What do you think you're doing?" you whisper yelled, slamming the open door to the concession store shut behind you.

You looked so angry. Your chest was heaving up and down with your erratic breathing pattern and you were fidgeting, something you only did when you were trying not to yell.

It was so goddamn sexy when you got like this.

"I have no idea what you're talking about" he lied, pulling his bottom lip into his mouth, holding it between his teeth. He was clearly trying not to laugh at the whole situation.

If he had, it would only make it worse.

You sighed, unsure if he was being serious or not. There was no way he didn't know what an ass he was being right now, was there?

"Right, well maybe I should go ask all those ancient skanks then huh?" you bit, folding your arms across your chest. The action pushed your breasts together more, drawing his attention downward for a moment.

There it was.

He was right.

"Oh, poor baby...are you jealous?" he teased, laughing at you as he filled your glass from the lemonade pitcher.

Was Billy really making fun of you?

Seriously?

“You are such an asshole” you barked, not believing that he would act like this when he was clearly in the wrong. You had been more than patient, letting the conversation go on and on but at a certain point, even he had to know that he was being ridiculous.

He wasn’t doing it to torment you however, it just amused him that you were so worked up over something that he saw as so small and insignificant.

To him, it was no big deal at all.

Billy had no intention of sleeping with Karen or any of the other moms, so it amused him that you cared so much.

He just didn’t get why it bothered you.

For him, you were the only woman that he wanted. The rest was nothing more than a game.

“Maybe, but you love me” he grinned, leaning down to try and get a kiss, though you turned your head away from him. It might have been true, but that didn’t mean you were any less angry about it.

It was going to take quite a while before Billy was out of the dog house.

However, he knew just how to make it up to you.

It was something so silly that you often tried to convince him to let you do but up until now, he wouldn’t let you.

You liked the idea of marking him as your own, you had seen it a million times before in movies and books but Billy had always said no.

It was all about lipstick.

You had seen it once in a white snake video and from that moment on, you were obsessed. You loved the idea of leaving lipstick kisses all over him, especially at the pool so that everyone could see that you’d claimed him...

All out in the open.

But, right about now, it didn't seem like too bad of an idea.

If nothing else, it would make you feel better about his faithfulness toward you. There was nothing better than letting all those old birds know that Billy had already been claimed.

"Hold on sugar, I have the perfect way to make it up to you" he purred, reaching into your cross-body bag, that was across your chest. He rummaged around for a few moments before finding exactly what he was looking for.

Your favorite tube of red lipstick.

Perfect.

"Here you go, baby" he smiled, pulling his bottom lip between his teeth as he screwed the top off and started painting the ruby red color across your lips.

It was oh so pretty and as tempted as he was to mess up his near-perfect application, that wasn't the purpose right now.

You looked shocked for a second, just thinking that he was finished off your look or trying to distract you from how angry you were but it wasn't until he gestured down to his perfectly toned torso that you put two and two together.

...And you were so excited about it.

"Go to town sugar" he allowed, watching you bend down to press a single kiss to his right clavicle bone, leaving a perfect lip print in its place. It was pretty, and before long, his tanned skin was perfectly decorated in marks from you.

You were pretty proud of your work, and by the time that you were done, you could hardly remember the fight you'd been in the middle of previously.

In fact, it wasn't until you and Billy walked back over to his lifeguards post that you remembered.

Across the pool were four very jealous, red in the face, mothers who couldn't take their eyes off the very obvious message that was meant only for them. Billy had already been claimed and you were determined to make sure that everyone knew it.

2. Poor Baby pt.2

Summary for the Chapter:

Billy Hargrove x Plus size!reader

Word Count: 1356 words

Warnings: none

Summary: Billy gets jealous...

You'd think that after your little charade at the pool, you and Billy would have given up on being jealous.

It didn't get you anywhere and everyone in Hawkins was now well aware of who Billy belonged to.

There simply was no reason for it.

The two of you were mature adults who could handle their issues in a civilized fashion-

"You're fucking Harrington, aren't you?!"

-Scratch that...one of you was a mature adult.

Steve had just offered to help you with an english paper. Your grade was plummeting in that class, so you agreed. It was nothing more than that, but you should have known that Billy wouldn't believe that.

If he thought you were jealous, he was a million times worse. If you even looked at another guy, the accusations went flying.

In fact, most of your arguments were about other people.

You knew that Billy loved you, you knew that he only got jealous because he was insecure and afraid to lose you. You knew that in your mature adult brain but right now, it didn't matter. How dare he accuse you of something like that?

"Fuck you Hargrove, I just needed help in French's class" you bit back. It was rare for Billy to point his anger toward you but you

weren't going to let it stand, no matter what.

You were his girlfriend, not some freshman he could bully into washing his car.

"Why Harrington then? Anybody could help you" he grumbled, lowering his volume ever so slightly, though not by much. The final bell had just rung, sending students toward the parking lot from every direction.

...That included you and Billy.

Someone probably should have stopped you, but they all knew better. Even the staff didn't want to get between one of your lovers quarrels. It simply wasn't worth it for them to intervene.

You two would be back to sucking face in the hallways before they knew it anyway.

It was just the way that you two worked. The ups were so up that you felt like you were flying high about the world but the downs were more down each and every time you fought.

Luckily, you had been together long enough that it was never all that bad in comparison. Eventually you would just decide that it was stupid and go back to him or he'd show up at your house after a few too many and order you back to his side.

Not that you were even considering that right now.

"Yeah? Are you gonna help me with an English paper Hargrove?" you spit, knowing well enough that he was failing too. Clearly, not just anybody could help you after all.

If you were fighting with anyone else, he would have backed down by now because that was kind of a low blow but Billy didn't even blink. In fact, when you looked up at him, you found that he was actually smiling at you.

This sick fuck thought that he was funny.

"I meant a girl, princess. Why don't you get Nancy Wheeler to help

you?” he suggested, hitting a new level of petty that you hadn’t been expecting, though you were more than prepared to match it.

“Actually,” you laughed, “I was planning on asking Mr. Wheeler if she was free, or do you two already have plans?” You scoffed, rolling your eyes at his childish demeanor.

Words never bothered Billy, not really.

He looked at verbal fights with you as a twisted sort of foreplay that he got to control-but you weren’t backing down like you normally would.

After a while of going back and forth, you usually would hit a point where you’d give up trying to get through to him. You’d just sit through the whole car ride staring out the window in silence but you two had long passed that marker.

You were in it this time.

Billy had accused you of the one thing you weren’t just going to brush to the side.

You had never been anything but loyal when it came to him and the fact that he would even have the balls to suggest something other than that was absolutely ridiculous.

It hurt, but you weren’t going to let him know that. Instead, you were going to put up a fight, because you were tired of having to grit your teeth and bare it.

“Nah, I was hoping I’d be with you later but I guess you’ll be busy” he countered, losing interest at this point. If there was one thing you knew about Billy more than anything else, it was that he was a sore loser.

You weren’t letting him win, so he didn’t want to play anymore.

Again, you rolled your eyes, making your way over to the passenger side of the Chevrolet Camaro. The argument you were having had, seemingly, met its natural end.

Billy was pouting, and you were far too tired from a long school day to keep this up anymore. Maybe just burying the hurt he'd caused was the best way to deal with his accusation.

After all, you two were constantly going back and forth, saying hurtful things and never taking them back. It was a vicious cycle and you just couldn't keep it up all the time.

...And the worst part was that you were both too stubborn to admit that you weren't hard as nails all the time.

~

"Look, I know you aren't fucking him" Billy started, breaking the stagnant silence between you too as best he could.

If there was one thing that Billy hated more than losing, it was being ignored. You knew it but this time, you weren't ignoring him out of spite as a punishment for his actions. You literally didn't have it in you to talk to him right now.

"He wants you though, y'know...But I guess that isn't your fault" he kept going, rambling in that way that he usually did when he got too in his head. This was the part of your relationship that no one would ever believe.

That Billy was so vulnerable.

Usually, you would stop him in his tracks with a kiss at this point but you just kept facing forward, watching the pavement disappear beneath the hood of the car as Billy sped down the road.

An apology out of Billy was rare, but you had a feeling that he was building up to one right now and you sure as hell weren't going to interrupt him.

"Are you really not gonna talk to me?" he grumbled, proving you wrong. Even when he knew that he really fucked up, an apology was too much to ask from Billy.

But he had a point.

Were you going to talk to him? Did he deserve a whole conversation after everything he'd already said? Sure, you weren't innocent by any means but he'd started it.

Him and his stupid jealousy.

"You're a jealous fuck," you huffed, letting out a long sigh before continuing. "But I get it" there was a softness to your voice, one that hadn't been there before that sparked something in Billy.

Almost immediately his hand fell on your own, where it was resting on your left thigh. This entire thing had taken half-an-hour tops but Billy felt like he had been away from you for far too long.

He missed you.

"I shouldn't have yelled at you" he allowed, taking his eyes off the road again to look at you. That moment of clarity, and conscience always hit him after he'd said something he couldn't take back.

Luckily, you weren't on any kind of high horse and you weren't about to pretend that you were innocent in all this.

"I shouldn't have yelled at you" you hummed in turn, leaning over to rest your head on his shoulder as he drove. It wasn't a real apology technically, but it was real for you and Billy and that was enough.

It had always been enough.

"Besides, your hair is way better than Harrington's anyway" you teased, snuggling into his jean-clad shoulder.

"Damn straight"